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On Opening a Valentine.

MY ire, like a big seasoned thistle,
Is bristling my weak, scanty hair
As o'er this pictorial epistle
I look with a venomous stare.

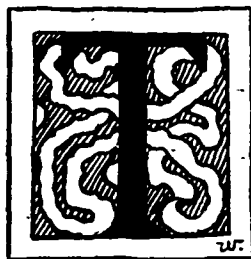
Alas! disappointment confronts me,
And between me and happiness goes
A glaring cartoon that depicts me
Cross-eyed with a turkey-red nose—
The cut with my features conforming—
A hunchback ill-shaped at the knees,
With toes that appear as if forming
An angle of ninety degrees.

Oh! if I could somehow discover
The hussy who sent this cartoon,
By Jove! I would fain pitch her over
The points of the young crescent moon.

M. McG.

The Courtship of George.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.



HE disabilities entering into George's life, especially into his courtships, could scarcely be caused by a wrong development of his musical genius; but Ryan held that music was a form of insanity, and that most musicians are insane. So when George declared in fervent language his love for pretty Eva Smith, Ryan watched him narrowly to see if his irrationality would take a more pronounced form.

For the last year this passion of love-making had taken full possession of George. Whether he wished to marry or not is a moot question; but he insisted on proposing. He had been introduced to four girls, and after a short courtship he proposed to each; but they did not take him seriously, and each one

thanked him for his offer as she declined it. For a time he refused all consolation, raved and sighed like a furnace. But his melancholy finally gave way to a normal condition, for one in his position, surrounded by the gross and the material of a large city, could not keep weeping forever, and poetic justice was soon satisfied.

Ryan knew of these four proposals. He had watched the growth of George's love in each case to the climax, and then pulled him out of the catastrophe. He now looked on this latest episode in the same light as had shone on the others. Unfortunately, he knew not all the circumstances before George came to him.

Strange as it may seem, and especially strange to one of George's poetic and musical nature, he had met his latest idol in a street-car. There was nothing romantic in the meeting, nothing that an ordinary man would take cognizance of, but George was sitting day-dreaming when she came in through the open doorway. A ray of sun struck across her happy face. George felt his breath come and go rapidly; she blushed. A harmony was established between two kindred souls. She had bowed to Ryan who was sitting silent; and as she left George turned to him with many a question.

But love's young dream is not full of pleasant realities. It is not all castles and gardens and beautiful woods, but occasionally goblins and satyrs come in to break the joyful monotony. So too was it with George. He soon discovered where the girl lived and where she worked. He got up early in the morning to watch her pass, for she was a stenographer in a down-town office. He missed supper to get a glimpse of her fair face, for his soul hungered more after sentiment than his stomach yearned for food. He grew idealistic and more romantic, for she filled up his day-dreams and kept him awake far into the night. He wrote love-ditties and

sent them to her; ditties she knew not how to take nor whence they came. In her dilemma she brought them to Ryan who was thought to be a sage and a student of men.

George now took a bolder course. Not content with watching her pass, he chivalrously followed her to guard her against all possible danger. Not knowing who he was, she reported him to a rough-looking policeman, who had daughters of his own, and who was neither a man of ideals nor sentiment. This encounter nearly brought about a climax in the courtship of George, for he found great difficulty in explaining to the policeman his peaceful intentions. He was angry and indignant at heart, and thoroughly disgusted. His love bubble was on the point of bursting, but he reasoned that love is of sacred origin and that mere accidents should not destroy the harmony existing between two well-tuned souls.

After this he took to prowling around her residence after dark, but her father, a large gruff man, with a strong arm, told him that his actions were very suspicious, and that he, Mr. Smith, slept with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow. To be taken as an annoyer of young women was bad enough, but to be thought a foot-pad was beyond endurance, but for the sake of the girl he would suffer it.

At this transition in his game of love, George came to Ryan and sought an introduction. Ryan endeavored to dissuade him from his rash course, telling him that this was but another overflow of his poetic nature, but in vain. Not even the wisdom which Ryan had culled from books, and better still that wisdom which comes with experience, had its effect.

George was deeply pierced by Dan Cupid's arrow. In a short time he became a frequent visitor at Eva's house. Eating supper with her folk, and casting on Eva those soulful eyes, which many a maiden before had found so hard to resist. Every night, or, at the least, every other night, one would see him going to Smith's or coming thence. Both young lovers forgot the practical part of life. They had soared to heights much above those mortals commonly touch, and here they fell to discussing the possibility of living on twelve or thirteen dollars a week until fame was reached. Yes, they were engaged. For once in her life Eva Smith had acted strongly without giving her action a single thought.

We should leave them alone in their dreaming now, and let the imagination paint a happy and eventful life for both of them; bring fame, honors and riches to George, and place him on a pedestal opposite Wagner or Verdi; let both live to a ripe old age, and before death claims them draw the curtain. This would be the province of fiction, but seldom is it the course of love, or of actual life.

At one time George was seriously thinking of going to Germany to complete his musical education, for a rich uncle had agreed to stand sponsor for such a journey. But with the entrance of Eva into his life, his plans must necessarily be changed. He could not leave her. He now began to think of a position with Thomas' orchestra. The salary would not be very remunerative, but it would support himself and a wife until his ability was recognized. That the world must appreciate his talents, sooner or later, Eva was certain.

Mrs. Smith, however, was of a more practical turn of mind. She saw the growing attachment of her daughter, and although she did not boldly oppose it, she was not satisfied. She regarded George as a model young man and musician, but thought him "a poor provider." Her concept of love was something tangible, not all sentiment. She remembered the days when she was courted by a musician. Many times and oft had he been on the verge of starvation, and now he passed from house to house giving private lessons. So when Alfred Thorgenson, a young Swedish jeweler, and owner of a large shop on Milwaukee Avenue, began to show a preference for her daughter, Mrs. Smith welcomed him to her house with a full heart.

The entrance of a trespasser and rival into his paradise did not suit George. He could not understand why Eva should receive him. When both he and Thorgenson met in the same parlor, he endeavored to stare Thorgenson out of countenance. In this he was unsuccessful. Next he introduced subjects of poetry, romance, and music. After he had held the floor for half an hour, and quoted Byron and Keats and Heine, he would turn to Thorgenson with the intention of showing Thorgenson's ignorance, and ask him his opinion of music, of romance, of poetry. But the wily Thorgenson would enter into no discussion, merely stating that he was a business man and had no time for such trivial

things. Then, without further noticing George, he would turn to Eva to discuss jewelry. At first Eva objected strongly to Thorgenson's visits, even threatening not to receive him, but her mother opposed such a course; and as her mother had much influence over her she obeyed.

George felt that his rights and prerogatives were infringed upon. He said that either he or Thorgenson would go. And Eva in a moment of anger told him to suit himself—so their engagement was broken. Unfortunately he did not understand women, and thought indifference the only cure for their anger. He carried on a desperate flirtation with Mattie Ungar—a girl who entered into the humor of the situation. But Eva instead of seeking reconciliation clung closer to Thorgenson. Thus it went on until the engagement of Eva and Thorgenson was announced. George could stand it no longer; he gave way to fits of melancholy, until Ryan despaired of his sanity. He spoke of swords and pistols, and sent Thorgenson a challenge, but the practical Thorgenson called on the police for protection. Then he wrote Eva a long letter on the Future, which he had copied verbatim from Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor."

The day the letter came Eva was in a melancholy mood. She had heard of some of the escapades of George, and of his chivalrous devotion to her. She knew of his ability to write verse, of his power as a musician; and now as she read his masterpiece on the Future, full of beauty and concrete imagery, and compared it to Thorgenson's cold note which had come in an earlier mail, she wept. She had half penned a note calling on him to come back, declaring that all would be forgiven, when her mother entered the room. A few hours later, though her eyes were red, she received Thorgenson with a smile. George did not know what effect his letter had, but he grew more melancholy and tragic. In fact, Ryan, student and observer as he was, with the spirit of Horatio, felt for his friend, and grew anxious.

At an entertainment given shortly after in the Humboldt Park Pavilion, George, hearing of the attendance of Eva and Thorgenson, forgot himself. The scene that followed was one of confusion. The ladies were frightened, some screamed, a few fainted. In the excitement George was rescued by his friends and borne away. Eva had seen him enter the dancing hall, his face white and set. At the first noise she threw her arms around Ryan's

neck and fainted. After this Ryan was called the "Rescuer"—a title he nowise appreciated. Whether or not this had anything to do with it, the date of the marriage was announced shortly afterward.

To George these were ignominious days. He endeavored to stem the current of fate, but, like a stick of wood in a vast stream, he was borne hither and thither and buffeted by each wave. The girl now became idealized, for he was ever a romantic fellow. He forgot all her weaknesses, her failings, and saw her pure as an angel. Ryan often found him biting the end of a pencil while before him lay the first line in the octave of a sonnet:

My life is like a tuneless song, since thou
Art gone.

or,

Alone I sit in brooding thoughts to-night.

On one occasion when his trials and tribulations were too much for him Ryan found these four lines:

Ye gods, oh strike! I ask nought but my ruin.
Send forth a blast into my bitter life;
My soul is sad, and, like a beaten fife,
Its jangled measures grate—aye, out of tune.

How Eva felt, he could not discover, and though he made numerous attempts to see her, even to the extent of being taken for a burglar, with almost disastrous results, love could find no way of breaking through the iron bars constructed by Mrs. Smith's vigilance.

Ryan had promised to break the engagement. This he attempted at first by letter, but his letters were returned. Next he sought an interview with Eva, with no better results. Then he protested to Mrs. Smith, who told him that it was of no concern to him. Finally he called on Mr. Smith who refused to be interviewed.

On the evening of the marriage, Ryan nerved himself for a last effort. By a lucky chance he met Eva in the hallway. She saw him and came running toward him. Her breath was hot and her cheeks feverish. He pleaded for George strongly and urgently; he spoke of George's great love for her, and what sacrifices he had made. He urged an immediate elopement as the only way out of the difficulty. Her breast heaved, her eyes flashed. She opened her mouth to speak, but said nothing. She drew her gown closer about her as if premeditating flight, and moved toward the door. Ryan hastened to go before her. But she looked back, and there at the other end of the hall was her mother. With a sorrowful "oh!" she left him.

Ryan met George a block away where a carriage was waiting.

"We must rescue her," cried George fiercely, when he had heard all. "You will not desert me, Ryan?"

So back they started; but the wily Thorgenson had two policemen bribed—men who were not given much to poetry or love. And Eva refused to be rescued.

"Good Lord! how my head aches," said George a few hours later. "How can we get out of this, Ryan? Certainly we will not stay in jail over night!"

"I do not know," answered Ryan, "unless my friends come. But that policeman will not attend a wedding for many a day. We've got in the wrong current to night, George, as Shakspeare might say, and we must take our medicine like Stoics."

Eva and Thorgenson crossed the lake to Milwaukee for their honey-moon. They came back rather early in the morning a day or two afterward. The practical Thorgenson, having some business to transact on State Street, sent her home alone on the cable car. And this after all her romance and sentiment!

Henry II. and Adrian.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.

(CONCLUSION.)

In Guizot's "History of England," the historian tell us that Henry did not intend to act as conqueror, "he was taking possession, he said, of Ireland by virtue of an old Bull of Pope Adrian, which conferred on him the sovereignty of this new kingdom by the rights which the popes claimed to exercise over all the islands recognizing the Christian faith."

In a "History of the Church," by the Rev. J. A. Birkhäuser, the author, when he comes to speak about Henry and Adrian, cites the arguments of Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, against the genuineness of the Bull. The Cardinal's strongest argument is, in the words of the history mentioned above, "The concluding formula of the Bull, *Datum Romæ*—'Given at Rome,'—suffices to prove the whole document spurious." In another church history, written by Malone, we find what, I think, is a very complete overthrow of the Cardinal's argument. Malone says that John of Salisbury, whose veracity solely is in question, states, in his "Polycraticus," that the papal court

was held at Beneventum, when he obtained the Bull. Furthermore, Malone tells us that, even if it is admitted that in the process of transcription Rome was mentioned as the place whence the grant had been dated, being the usual residence place of the popes, yet such an error of the transcriber should not affect the document. He adds: "The place where the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians and to Timothy have been written is disputed, yet no one argues on that account against their authenticity." Cardinal Moran also says that the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrunk from accepting the Bull as genuine. If this statement were supported by facts it would be strong, but a reference to history will show that the opposite is true, and that both the people and the historians of Ireland as well as of England believed in the Bull.

Cardinal Pole says: "It was from Adrian's too great love of country that he granted the Bull to Henry." In the year 1221, Pope Honorius III. wrote to the Archbishop of Munster, in reply to some complaints against the king's encroachment on Irish church rights. In the Pope's letter we read:

"Precedent and custom hath been alleged on the part of the king himself as existing in his favor ever since the English, having come into Ireland by order of the Apostolic See, brought it into obedience to the Roman Church; and considering the savage state of the Irish...." Soon after this we have another of the popes testifying to the grant. At the close of the 13th century, a rich Norman wanted to marry a lady within the forbidden degrees. Rome was asked for a dispensation, and in reply Pope Nicholas IV. gives ample proof of Adrian's Bull, when he says: "King Henry of England, of illustrious memory, invaded with an army, and with the consent of the Holy See, the said country, and brought it and its inhabitants in subjection to himself and the same Holy See." We have now seen the testimony of Pope's Alexander III., Honorius III. and Nicholas IV., and also that of Cardinal Pole. All these could hardly have been deceived, and take the so-called forged Bull as genuine; but we in this century know more, and are inclined to call the genuine Bull a forgery.

I have stated that the Irish nation believed in the genuineness of the Bull. In the Book of Howth, Carew MS., we read: "When Pope Adrian heard openly of the sinful and evil

life that the people of Ireland led, worse than wild beasts, and out of the constitution of the Holy Church and right belief, he required the king that he would go to Ireland to amend their lewd lives." This is a very clear statement, and another equally important one may be added to it. Dr. Keating, the eminent Irish historian, says: "Ireland continued in possession of the Holy See till the time of Adrian. He bestowed the kingdom of Erin on the second Henry, King of England. I am very much surprised at the conditions on which Pope Adrian made the grant to Henry." In the fourteenth century the Irish people wrote to Pope John, and asked him to use his good offices to obtain a mitigation of their galling slavery. Pope John wrote to King Edward III., in compliance with the wishes of the Irish. In his letter he says: "Among other statements of the letter we saw that, whereas Pope Adrian of blessed memory, our predecessor, granted the Lordship of Ireland to Henry King of England, your predecessor..."

The Irish leaders believed in the genuineness of the Bull, for in the beginning of the 14th century, O'Neill, King of Ulster, wrote to the Pope to find a redress for the wrongs done his people by the English. This letter of O'Neill proves very plainly the belief which existed concerning the Bull. To give the king's own words, or quote an extract from the letter, is rather tiresome, but I think that it is the best thing to do in order that no doubt may exist concerning the statement. In the course of his letter he says: "Know further, Most Holy Father, that Henry, King of England, to whom the grant was made allowing him to invade Ireland.... It is therefore to save our country from foul and false imputations that we have come to the resolution of giving you a correct idea of our monarchy—if indeed this term can be applied to the sad remains of a kingdom which has groaned so long beneath the tyranny of English kings.... His Holiness Pope Adrian by birth an Englishman, but still more so in disposition, early imbibed natural prejudices, and so strongly that on the strength of false statements he transferred the sovereignty of our country to Henry II." After a few remarks, the Pope, who wrote immediately to the king, continues: "In order that your mind may be the more satisfactorily enlightened on these subjects, on the said grievances and complaints on which the Irish are founding their appeal, we send your majesty enclosed a copy of the

letter of the grant, which the said Adrian addressed to said Henry, King of England, relative to the land of Ireland." Now we have the popes, the Irish people and their leaders all testifying in writing to the genuineness of the grant. This, however, does not satisfy all.

Birkhäuser, to whose work I have already referred, says: "The pretended Bull was doubtless constructed by the notorious John of Salisbury." This is a poor tribute to John's integrity. "But why," says Malone, whose authority can scarcely be doubted, "should we suppose that John would sacrifice his conscience for the sake of the Bull of King Henry? Anxious as he might be to please Henry, so far as was consistent with conscience, he did not hesitate to break away from him on the occasion of the quarrel with St. Thomas à Becket." It is also stated, in opposition to the genuineness of the Bull, that it has disappeared. Even so, there is nothing very strange in that. Much more recent and valuable documents have disappeared. However, Baronius states that he found the Bull of Adrian in the Vatican archives and that it is still found in the bullary of Cherubini. Passing over all of these, many still think that they have a strong argument when they say: "Why was not the Bull produced till 1175?" The opportunity was lacking. Henry had too much to do at home. England was threatened with civil war, and even Henry's sons were a menace to their father. Church matters were upside down; but after these were, for the most part, settled, after St. Thomas à Becket had been taken out of the way, then Henry could afford to go abroad. We know also that in 1155, when the Bull was granted, he proposed to his barons the invasion of Ireland, and was only stopped in his purpose by the empress' mother. When the time was ripe and fruitful he produced the Bull of Adrian and the Confirmatory Bull of Alexander.

There yet remains one very conclusive argument in favor of the grant. In the year 1558 a consistorial sitting was held, and at this sitting a decree was made of which the following is an extract: "Whereas ever since the Dominion of Ireland was obtained from the Apostolic See by the kings of England, they had always styled themselves only Lords of Ireland, till Henry VIII., after breaking away from the unity of the Catholic Church, and the obedience of the Roman Pontiff, raised Ireland to the dignity of a kingdom."

Many historians, such as, Lingard, Darras

and Alzog, testify to the genuineness of the Bull. Darras says: "Adrian granted the request by a Bull which was accompanied by a gold ring set with a costly emerald as a mark of investiture." Alzog says: "This papal act, which has been, if not the cause, certainly the occasion, of seven centuries of unparalleled *misfortunes* to Ireland and which was consummated by the concurrent action of an *English* king, an *English* bishop and an *English* Pope...."

Thus we have the Irish people and their leaders, the kings of England, the historians, both English and Irish, and the popes, maintaining, generation after generation, that Adrian IV. granted permission to Henry II. to bring the Irish under his rule and into obedience to Rome; and why should any one come around so late as this and tell us that all these people were mistaken, and that this Bull

is in reality only a clever forgery? The last question is, what became of these invaders? Did they prosper and die a natural death? No! The Irish saints have been called vengeful, and very few of these foreign missionaries, not even Henry and Adrian, died a natural death.

Henry's sons became rebellious, and their ingratitude he often experienced. Life for him became as bitter as he had made it for others. He was obliged to hold the queen a prisoner lest she should undermine his power. His sons plotted against him with Philip of France. After the war, which then ensued, he asked for a list of the conspirators. Heading the list he saw the name of his youngest son, John, whom he trusted most. He read no farther, dropped the list, and exclaimed: "I have nothing left to care for; let all things go their way." Two days later, 1189, Henry II. was a corpse, the effects of a broken heart.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

GEORGE W. BURKITT, 1902.

prays for their souls as he realizes that soon In the northwest black and lowering clouds are piled up like an immense funnel. The golden grasses scarcely quiver, the tremulous aspen stands motionless, while nature rests before a mighty struggle. The quaint European village is shrouded in darkness. Overhead the golden cross of the Gothic chapel of Saint Bernard glimmers faintly like a distant star. The massive door groans on its rusty hinges, an uncanny bat with leathern wings beats nervously the oaken panel, the scream of a night-hawk echoes and re-echoes through the deserted hills as a white-haired monk, whose struggle of life is nearly over, feebly enters the lonely chapel. The gray walls and sombre pillars rising abruptly in the darkness make the dismal church more dismal. The cold marble statues, standing out like spectres, turn the monk's thoughts to the little churchyard and the friends of his boyhood.

"Ah," he muses, "those were happy days as we played beside the brook that softly rustled beneath the spreading oak! But now these old playmates can not feel the cruel wind nor the cold rain spattering mournfully on their graves."

The monk with bowed head, like the publican of old, in a far corner of the dismal church,

he too will be resting there with no one to mourn him, neglected by brothers, forgotten by friends.

"After all, what is life? A long chain of trial and trouble unwound from a seeming endless reel. One by one our friends pass away to be mourned for a day and then sink into oblivion."

The faint tinkling of the vesper bell is wafted through the air, but the monk wrapped in revery and brooding on the inconstancy of man does not hear. Although his hair had whitened in the worship of God, and prayer and fasting had bent double his once muscular frame, he forgets his God and turns in despair to leave the chapel. But behold in the sanctuary the little altar lamp glimmering like a beacon light, the emblem of the Presence dwelling there!

"My God! my All!" and striking his breast the old monk sinks to his knees.

The morning sun stealing over the hilltops, drives the funnel-like clouds from the northwest, and the golden cross on the Gothic chapel glistens in the sunlight. Again the massive door groans heavily on its rusty hinges, the matin chimes echo and re-echo through the hills, but the old monk does not hear. He is with his God beyond the sanctuary lamp.

Varsity Verse.

A BLOSSOM IN THE SHADOW OF TIME.

OF all the flowers that bloom with perfume rare,
The one that bursts upon the sodded mound,
Where Time has laid the past to rest with sound
Of marching years, is fairest of the fair.
For but a moment memory ling'ring there
'Twill bloom again, and springtime gathering round
Will fresh Life's autumn leaves once chilled and
browned,
And turn grim hoary locks to golden hair.

'Tis sweet to hold fond memories in the heart,—
And e'en to shed a tear of joy-filled pain,—
They come to us like flowers newly blown
To make a lifework seem a blessed part.
Life's skies are bright when in the past again
We wander back to find sweet flowers grown.

J. L. C.

INNOCENCE.

All through the night the snow came winging down,
A spotless carpet spread for Christmas day;
Soft fell the flakes on vale and hilltop gray,
Or hid the roofs and pavements of the town.
But ere the sun half rose, this ermine gown,
Which shone unblemished ere the break of day,
Stained by the countless feet that thronged the way,
Had mixed with mud its virginal renown.

Thus shines the soul where innocence abides
With that soft radiance which the angels share,
Nor mortal eye can her pure splendour bear;
Nor base desire her strange communion keep;
But swift the purest heart to pleasure glides,
And from mirth to folly is a single leap.

W. H. T.

A RONDEAU.

When day-work is done and languors creep
All thro' my limbs, I long for sleep,
The sealing night has gathered round,
And from without I hear no sound,—
The silence is so calm and deep.

Faint star-light struggles thro' the heap
Of sullen hanging clouds, that keep
A death-like watch on yon grave-mound
When day-work is done.

Out thro' black window-panes I peep;
And inky shadows all forms steep!
And slightest noises far resound:
The stillness gives a reverence, found
But thus in hearts that strangely leap
When day-work is done.

F. C. S.

THE TONGUE IT SPEAKS.

(Rondelet)

A valentine
To-day brings thoughts of what has been.
"A valentine"
Is all she writes, and that one line
Makes others wisely smile, but then
Not all may know the language in
A valentine,

J. L. C.

St. Thomas à Becket.

GEORGE G. MARR, 1901.

When we look over the pages of history and become acquainted with the grand characters of the world, we can not help admiring, imitating and, what is better, glorifying them before others. The men that have given their lives in defense of truth, justice or liberty are for all time. They should be held up for imitation. Let us take the grand Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket; perhaps his life may win our admiration; perhaps even when we see what a grand bishop he was, and what a remarkable champion of church liberty, we may prove that we admire him by possessing ourselves of a little of his spirit.

The most important events in St. Thomas' life, the period which has placed him among the makers of history, lasted only six years. We must, however, have a clear idea of the circumstances leading up to those years before we can appreciate his character. King Henry II. of England had the ambition to be master of everything. In consequence of the close union of Church and State, he, as king, could nominate the bishops. As long as he could put his own men over the Church his power would have no limits. The one man in England that Henry especially wished at his feet was the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England. A man after his own heart must have the See of Canterbury. Thomas à Becket, the Chancellor, was very intimate with the king. Both were lovers of wealth and sport, and Thomas did all in his power to further Henry's interests. It was but natural therefore, when the see became vacant in 1162, for Henry to nominate his best friend, Thomas, to the archbishopric. He believed his Chancellor would be as zealous in subjecting the Church to the royal pleasure as he was for the material prosperity of the king; but Henry forgot that his Chancellor never served him to the detriment of the Church.

As the consecration ceremonies were drawing to a close the officiating bishop approached Thomas and told him that he would no doubt have to choose between the favor of God and that of the king. Here Thomas answered: "Never for the sake of an earthly king will I forgo the favor of the eternal One." These were noble words. Did he prove worthy of them? Let his actions speak. At once he

resigned the chancellorship because he wanted no secular matters to interfere with his duties as Archbishop. The king soon had several other occasions for learning that the prelate's actions sprang from duty to God. Thomas would not absolve an excommunicated noble at the king's command, because such matters did not appertain to the king; he would not allow the royal pocket-book to grow heavy by an unjust tax on church lands.

There was yet a grander chance for Thomas to make good his consecration oath. He had opposed the king in little matters, would he resist him openly and firmly when greater were at stake? The opportunity came in the famous Council of Clarendon. Here Thomas was to be put to the test. Henry was determined to be master: he craftily planned to bring the Church, in the person of the Archbishop, to his feet. In that great assembly of bishops and nobles, the king demanded that all the bishops promise to obey the royal customs of his grandfather. When he obtained this consent, he ordered that the customs be drawn up. The Constitution of Clarendon, as they are called, now appeared very different in writing from what they were formerly believed to be. One of the customs demanded that clerics guilty of crimes be degraded by the Church and turned over to the royal officers; another that no servant of the king be excommunicated without the king's leave; a third that no one leave the kingdom without the king's permission; a fourth that no bishop appeal to the Pope without royal consent. While each of these customs was read, Thomas protested with all his might. He showed how the liberty of the Church was trampled upon by them, for they gave the king power to cut off the English Church from the centre of unity, Rome, and thus to use her as he pleased. Henry, however, paid no attention to the objections, but demanded that Thomas affix his seal to them. Thereupon Thomas, like a true champion of the Church's liberty, cried out! "By the Lord Almighty, during my lifetime, seal of mine shall never touch them!"

These words were not an outburst of the moment. When in a later council all the arguments of flattery, threats, personal abuse, were used to make him bend the Church to the tyrant's will; when armed nobles shouted their taunts into his ears; when all the other bishops, almost to a man, so forgot their office as to crouch like skulking curs at the feet of an angry king; when even these cowardly

bishops with tears slavishly begged their Primate to yield the rights of God's Church to save their lives, then did Thomas say "No!" then did he prove himself the true bishop of Christ. While everyone was terrified, expecting at every moment to see the archbishop cut to pieces, Thomas arose, and, with all the dignity of his stately form clothed in his pontifical vestments, he forbade anyone present to pass sentence on him; with an appeal to God and the Pope he solemnly marched out of the hall. Haughty Henry now knew that he was dealing with a priest and not with a courtier bishop. As the brave bishop passed out no one dared touch him. Those noisy knights and their raging king dared not lay one finger on a lone, defenceless priest. Here at least was a sublime triumph of right over might.

Is there any other feeling in our hearts for Thomas save that of love, admiration and imitation? I do not think so. Yet to Henry II. he seemed an obstinate, ambitious, low-born cleric. To that other fine specimen of kingly dignity, Henry VIII., these charges were quite sufficient to proclaim Thomas a pretended usurping saint, unworthy of public veneration. Little argument is needed to rid our archbishop of such odium. Thomas was obstinate when right was at stake, a kind of obstinacy every true man ought to possess. When there was question of his personal rights only, he readily yielded. Henry's jealousy showed itself against Thomas in many unjust claims for money. For the sake of peace the archbishop made these good; he said a question of money should not come between him and his king. Moreover, when Henry in a spirit of personal revenge worthy of him, threatened to confiscate the property of the monks who sheltered Thomas in his exile, the saint straightway relieved the religious of their embarrassment by quitting his retreat. The second epithet "ambitious" falls flat if we call to mind that Thomas never desired to be made archbishop. He was importuned by the king to accept the office. Moreover, if he were really desirous of undermining Henry's power would he have resigned his chancellorship? This great position united to his office as first bishop of England might indeed make any king tremble. Thomas divorced the two offices; did this act show a love of power?

We have not yet seen all that Thomas endured for Christ's sake. His bold stand so far proves that he was a great champion of

the Church's liberty; we must now see whether we can call him one of the greatest of her champions. Let us picture to ourselves this Archbishop, once the intimate friend of the king, as an exile forced to live on the charity of the king of France; let us turn to the most bitter hours of his six long years of exile. True, for a while a little consolation was left him; he could inflict ecclesiastical censures on Henry and his followers for their outrages against the Church. Soon, however, the whole world seemed turned against him. The powers of hell rose up, and for the moment had a triumph over the powers of right. Henry had turned King Louis' heart from his hitherto most welcome guest. The saint's own friends seconded the cry of Henry to have him removed from the See of Canterbury for the sake of peace. Furthermore, the king's gold won the hearts of several cardinals, while his lying messengers led astray the Pope, so that even the Father of Christendom suspended the Archbishop's powers; at this trying moment Thomas became more and more courageous. Right and the liberty of the Church were at stake; he was a true bishop, hence he would not and did not quit the fight, though the very guardian of right, the Pope himself, was in the wrong. In a beautifully heroic letter he protested to the Pope. In his letter to Cardinal Albert he says: "If all the cardinals rise up against me and arm not only the English king, but all the world to my destruction, I will never, with God's blessing, either in life or death, withdraw from my fidelity to the Church."

Could there be any better proof that Thomas was one of the Church's greatest champions than to see him standing firm when the very pillar of justice wavered? No: but Thomas had lived six years amid persecution for justice's sake, and his grand struggle would be incomplete were he not to die on the battlefield. His steadfastness had indeed at last turned the tide against Henry who allowed him to return to Canterbury; but this reconciliation was only policy. When Thomas on his return to his see, excommunicated certain bishops for encroaching on the rights of his see in crowning the young prince as king, Henry gave ready ear to the complaints of those unworthy bishops. In a fit of anger he cried out before the nobles: "Will no one deliver me from this low-born cleric!" These words were the spark of hellish enthusiasm that fired the hearts of four young nobles—spare

the title—with the very noble ambition to slaughter a priest of God!

They entered the Archbishop's house, and haughtily commanded him to absolve the bishops. They howled, thundered, and waved swords overhead; but their noise met only this answer: "If all the swords in England were pointed at me your terrors could not move me from the observance of God's justice and allegiance to our lord, the Pope." Then the noble knights left the house to put on their armor, while the Archbishop amid the awful fears and cries of the cathedral monks calmly made his way to the choir for vespers. Suddenly the knights rushed into the church, up to the altar. "Where is that traitor, Thomas?" cried one. No answer came. "Where is Thomas, the Archbishop?" Forward stepped Thomas: "Here I am; no traitor, but the Archbishop." Then they fell upon him and left him steeped in his blood at the foot of the altar.

Let us not dwell on the deed lest we be horrified; let us rather rejoice, for their swords only tell the world more forcibly than any words can do, "This is a true champion of the Church." They are the last argument in Thomas' cause; they make him a martyr of God; they open for him the gate to a sweet, unending peace which was not his on earth. We can well understand, therefore, how Father Morris could call this supreme trial "The Birthday."

Well does Saint Thomas à Becket's life proclaim him one of the grandest defenders of the Church's liberty. It now remains to imitate him, to make his spirit breathe in our own lives. Admiration is not enough. We must not think, however, that Thomas à Becket is inimitable, or that he was all perfection. He had his faults. He twice yielded to the king through indetermination; hence we see he did not come forth all at once the fearless champion of liberty. There was in his heart that mark of the true man—the desire and the determination to do his best under all circumstances. Every one of good-will can do as much as he did; nay more, can do it easier and better because we have him as our exemplar; we have his example to urge us on in the manly defence of everything right, just and noble. Sainted hero! your example will not be lost on us. Soldier of Christ! we will join your ranks; we will prove worthy followers in the grand army of righteousness whose true general you were!

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Reporters.

—Last Monday the lawyers and jurists of the land paid many a tribute to the memory of John Marshall. They rightly did so, for although John Marshall is little spoken of when the makers of the American constitution are named, he was the one who, in his silent, firm way, made that constitution the rock upon which our government is based. One hundred years ago he took his seat in the supreme court as chief justice of the United States. He had done the life work of an ordinary man before he assumed this position. He had been a soldier, a practical lawyer, a leader in the legislature of Virginia, and he had been to Europe on political missions where he learned many of the tricks of statecraft.

When he took his seat his duties were not well defined. He knew his powers were limited. The sovereignty of the nation over the states, as it now exists, was not then understood. Jefferson, the great commoner, the noble-hearted, in his belief that that government is best which governs least, did not think that high powers might be safely vested in the supreme court. In trying to leave each state the greatest amount of independence possible he left them individually weak. Marshall saw that if we were to exist at all as a nation

we must do so by means of a strong central government. He saw that if the United States was to have a glorious future the nation must predominate over the states. Jefferson also knew this; and, so far as the bringing about of a strong bond of union between the states was concerned, he did not antagonize the clear-headed chief justice. Their ideas of how this should be done were not alike. But Marshall had a firm conviction of the manner in which the task was to be accomplished: and that was by enforcing the constitution.

John Marshall insisted that the power of the nation was supreme; that the constitution could not cover all possible contingencies, and that as occasion required clauses should be added, if the states were to develop into a mighty nation. He defined the laws in such a way that they hold to our time. Whenever a question arose between a state and the nation, with the clearest precision he laid down the respective rights of each. For thirty-five years he continued giving decisions that are more than a monument of legal reasoning. He was hardly appreciated in his time. Yet before his death he heard Webster declare a great nation had been made, and to-day John Marshall is known as "the expounder of the constitution."

And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.

When the demented Ophelia sang those lines a valentine was a thing of flesh and blood; a friend one was assured of holding for a year, perhaps for life. Valentine's day, then, was a time when the bashful or dumb lover might speak out. The origin of the day is a puzzle. For no one can logically say it grew out of the pious intention of men to commemorate the deeds of St. Valentine, an austere and holy bishop. The custom of a maid and man pledging themselves to be the valentine of each other for a year certainly hasn't much of piety in it, but savours of paganism. Valentine's day, then, was made up entirely of gaiety and sentiment.

A little of the sentiment remains yet among those who are young in years or in heart. But our observance of it is mostly a degenerate one, for we use the holy and happy time to arouse the wrath of our neighbour, by slyly reminding him of some fault of his. And a time that was formerly given to softness and sentiment is now used to stir a man up until his anger bristles like a well-seasoned thistle.

Is There Life in Mars?

Of late it has been a much-mooted question whether or not Mars is inhabited. In this paper, we shall consider the possibilities of existence of organized beings on that planet. We find that life, to whatever we may refer it, is subjected to two main causes. These are: first, chemical elements which are the chief constituents of organized bodies; and secondly, external agents that are required to act on those elements so that they may be developed and that evolution may take place. Now, although organic existence depends upon a large number of elements, the most widely distributed, and those which are indispensable to the functions of life, are, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. We have a means by which we are enabled to recognize substances found beyond our reach: this is the analysis of the light by the spectra. Resting on investigations performed through this remarkable medium, we may be assured that Mars contains substances identical to those found here and elsewhere in any heavenly body. Even in case we could not detect the elements found in Mars, we must admit that the planet is composed of the same substance as the earth, because all the planets of the solar system behave in space exactly like our globe; they all belong to a group or family of celestial bodies. Moreover, if there should exist a very great discrepancy there would be apparent variation in the march of the planet. But this does not exist; therefore, we may be certain that the planet Mars contains the same kind of matter as the earth.

Now comes the question of external agency necessary for the existence and onward progress of life. The external means by which matter can become organized and can support life may be summed up in a single word,—energy, and this comes from the sun in two ways, heat and light. Life can not exist under any circumstances without the help of these two forms of energy. We are aware that "the amount of radiant energy received by a body varies inversely as the square of the distance from the source." This law is enough to give an idea of the approximate temperature of Mars. This fact known, let us see what are the limits within which temperature permits organized beings. What is the least amount of energy that those mentioned elements must

receive that life may become possible. We need not go far to have information regarding this. Let us think of the earth's poles. Why is it that such places are desolate? Why is it that only inferior animals can thrive there? Because there is not enough heat to sustain life.

We must take it for granted that those substances that maintain life, which undoubtedly existed in Mars, must have died long ago. It seems almost certain that the gases, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, which, with carbon, are the chief components that give rise to organic existence, can not assume in that planet the vaporous form; consequently, some chemical reactions which are necessary to organized existence, and in which the gaseous state is required, can not occur. Those elements probably have very narrow limits for their chemical transformations, if they are going on at all. Most likely, all those substances mentioned are now in Mars forming part of definite and permanent compounds. Supposing that we were at Mars for an instant, we should naturally see the sun much smaller and dimmer, perhaps a little larger than a star of first magnitude. Could we in those conditions think of life even in the most restricted sense of the word? Energy is becoming unavailable everywhere; this is a physical truth. The nearer a planet is to the sun the larger the amount of potential energy it possesses. Potential energy is the only thing which can support life, as we of this planet can conceive it. Now if like causes produce like effects under the same conditions, all that we have stated is enough to bring the conclusion that the planet Mars is not maintaining life now.

What we have said, of course, refers only to the present epoch. It is reasonable, as well, to deduce from this, that away back in the beginning, millions of centuries ago, even Neptune supported life; and also that, with the waning of energy, Uranus, Saturn and Mars followed their turn in the gigantic evolution. Thousands of centuries later, it is plain to suppose that even Mercury and our mighty sun itself will become destitute of energy. But by that time—who knows it?—perhaps our huge system of planets, which is now rushing through space, will have struck a fountain of energy, and then once more, or perhaps for the millionth time, it will resume life again and wheel on its course for other mortals to wonder at.

V. M. A.

The Yankee Volunteer.

The Rev. Francis Kelley, U. S. Chaplain during the late Spanish-American War gave an interesting talk in Washington Hall last Saturday, February 2. His subject was the "Yankee Volunteer." He prefaced his lecture with the statement that "every flag of freedom that has been unfurled, has been unfurled by a volunteer." To illustrate his saying, he gave many examples drawn from the deeds of heroes from the time of Judas Machabees down to the days of our own Crispus Attucks. As Father Kelley well put it, "A first blow must be struck, and the volunteer strikes it always." After giving an ingenious account of how the word Yankee came to be applied to Americans, he launched into his subject.

His talk was full of humorous allusions, but, withal, it had a good deal of useful information. He did not spend his time telling how hills were stormed or how men faced bayonet charges, but developed that side of the soldier's career we hear so little about from public speakers: namely, the camp life of the volunteer. This Father Kelley had ample opportunity to observe during his stay in the army, for a chaplain to be of any use at all must get near the soldier's heart. A heart the volunteer has, and not a bad one at that. On the exterior he may appear rough, he even strives to appear so; but at bottom, the chaplain assures us, the private is a moral being. His temptations are a hundredfold greater than those of the civilian, and hence it may happen that he falls oftener, for a soldier in active service is a civilized being forced back into the savage state.

Among the speaker's happy illustrations we recall one that hints at a side of the volunteer's character little thought about, and that is the religious side. Father Kelley mentioned how over 3000 men attended divine service one Sunday morning grouping themselves around a rude altar. When they heard the tinkle of the server's bell and knew it meant to kneel, down they knelt in slush two inches deep. This isn't so bad for men looked on as hardened sinners.

Captain Clarke of the United States Army says, "the American volunteer is silent and sullen; he marches with little song or jest, and he goes down to his death dumb." Our lecturer

did not agree with this statement. He found the volunteer a jovial fellow, frank, gay and full of pranks. Indeed, Father Kelley made his talk very spicy and interesting by relating tricks played by the soldiers in camp. The one thing he agreed with Captain Clarke in was that the American volunteer is more intelligent than the soldiers of other nations. This may be attributed to the fact that he is recruited from every walk in life; and nothing better shows our democracy.

Throughout Father Kelley's lecture one could notice his tributes were always paid to the volunteer, not to the regular soldier. One fights for honour and native land, the other for hire; the volunteer always raises his arm to right a wrong; to strike the first blow; to sacrifice himself, if need be, that his brothers may have what is denied to him.

Basket-Ball Games.

As the interest in basket-ball at the University is at a fever heat at present, advantage is taken of it, and a series of games has been arranged among the different teams to be played on Wednesday and Saturday nights in the old gymnasium. This schedule of games was made for the purpose of obtaining enough money to replace the banners that were destroyed in the fire last fall. Every student in the University, of course, understands that these banners were won by our men in some very close and earnest contests, and that he should feel proud of the distinction Notre Dame has of being able to have these banners. Any man who saw the triangular meet two years ago and would not grow enthusiastic over our victory has no enthusiasm in him. Besides that banner we lost those we won in the state meets for the last three years. Purdue and Indiana would do almost anything to be able to hang up those banners of the state meet in their gyms. So, fellows, let us contribute our small mite to a good cause, and show our appreciation of our athletes by attending the following games. If you do not care so see the games yourself buy a ticket anyhow and keep it as a souvenir.

February 9—Brownson vs. Carroll.

" 13—Carroll vs. Sorin.

" 16—Brownson vs. Corby.

" 20—Corby vs. Sorin.

" 23—Brownson vs. Sorin.

" 27—Carroll vs. Corby.

* Lecture by the Rev. Francis Kelley.

Personals.

—Judge Carr of Cassopolis, Mich., paid us a short visit recently.

—Mr. J. A. Trieger of Chesterton, Ind., was here recently.

—Mr. W. J. Graham of Dayton, Ohio, made us an extended visit during the past week.

—Mrs. Hoffman of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days at the University on a visit to her son Louis of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mrs. M. Rindkoff of Vincennes, Ind., made a short stay at the University as the guest of her son Herbert of Carrol Hall.

—Dr. Hart of Cincinnati, Ohio, was a recent guest of the University. The Doctor is the editor of the *Catholic Telegraph* of that city.

—Mr. Birk, a prominent banker of Chicago, Ill., was a guest of the University on Thursday last. He came to attend the opening of the new gymnasium.

—Mr. Raymond C. Langan (Litt. B. '93) of Clinton, Ia., spent a few days here on a visit to old friends. Mr. Langan is now a prominent attorney of that city.

—Among the guests on Thursday last was Mr. Andrew O'Dea, the brother of our football coach. Mr. O'Dea is a very prominent oarsman, having held the championship of Australia for some years.

—The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, of Chicago, Ill., came to witness the formal opening of the gymnasium on Thursday last. Father McShane takes great interest in athletics at Notre Dame, and has shown his appreciation in many ways. Father O'Gara of Wilmington, Ind., was also a guest of the University on Thursday last.

An Apt Donation for the Gymnasium.

The four flags that waved above the towers of the gymnasium at the formal opening last Thursday were the gifts of Messrs. Samuel, William, George and Frederick O'Brien of South Bend. When these gentlemen learned from Father Regan there was nothing to grace the exterior of the gym, they hit upon the happy idea of presenting flags for the towers: two national flags and two college flags. All who admired the stars and stripes and the gold and blue rippling in the February wind over the castellated front of the gym, must agree that the donors deserve the thanks of everyone at Notre Dame, and the SCHOLASTIC, in behalf of the students, thanks them. The Messrs. O'Brien are brothers of Frank O'Brien of Sorin Hall, and all were students here.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.	50
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Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.	10
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The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss.	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's Valparaiso, Ind.)	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's Chicago, Ill.)	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago.	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterey, Mexico.	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall).	
Atlanta, Ga.	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon.	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich.	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.	5
The Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill.	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill.	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb.	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow, Pa.	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind.	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall)	
Helena, Montana.	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas.	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass.	20
The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill.	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind.	5
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (for sons Martin and George).	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico.	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana.	10
John P. Lauth, Chicago, Ill.	25
Friend in South Bend.	50
Friend who will not allow his name mentioned	250
Miss Ella Murray, Philadelphia, Penn.	3
Sherman Steele, Indianapolis, Ind.	10
Dr. James J. Creswell, Galena, Ill.	1
Carol Von Phul, St. Edward's Hall, N. D.	10
R. S. Funk, Redlands, California.	5
Julio Usera, Carroll Hall.	20

New Gymnasium Opened.

On Thursday afternoon the new gymnasium was formally opened with an inter-hall meet. The inside of the handsome structure was tastefully decorated, and the University band, in full uniform, with Professor Roche directing it, rendered piece after piece of pleasing melody in honor of the occasion. The large number of spectators that gathered to see our sturdy athletes show their prowess, added life to the performance. The meet was well conducted, and the absence of the numerous intermissions that are almost unavoidable on such occasions was very noticeable.

The fellows undoubtedly showed to excellent advantage, and trainer Moulton is very much elated over the outcome. Uffendall's pretty race in the half mile run, Murphy's good time in the quarter mile event, Kearney's pole vaulting, and Glynn, Herbert and Staples' clever work won them many admirers. Capt. Powers and "Corc" were just playing, of course, and may be counted upon to do much better work when the time comes. Kirby, Hoover, Richon, Cline, and the other men, were unfortunate in not getting places, but without exception they gave a good account of themselves. Big John showed his old-time form in the shot-put, and bids fair to make a better mark in this event than he did last year. Butler made a game race in the two-mile run and deserves credit for his performance. Pat O'Dea gave us a clever exhibition of hurdling. Pat would be a good man for us if we could by any means get him within our lines. Jim Herbert does pretty well, though. The results were as follows:

40 yard dash—O'Dea, first; Corcoran, second; Glynn, third. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

880 yard run—Uffendall, first; Steele, second. Time, 2 minutes 5 3-5 seconds.

40 yard hurdles—O'Dea, first; Herbert, second. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Herbert, first; Staples, second; Kirby, third. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

2 mile run—Butler, first; Steele, second. Time, 11 minutes, 36 1-5 seconds.

High jump—Powers, first, 5 feet 7 inches; Glynn, second, 5 feet 6 inches; Richon, third, 5 feet 3 inches.

440 yard dash—Murphy, first; Herbert, second; Kahler, third. Time, 56 seconds.

Pole Vault—Kearney, first; Glynn, second. Height, 10 feet 3 1/2 inches.

Shot Put—Eggeman, first, 39 feet 10 inches; Powers, second, 39 feet 8 inches.

Running broad jump—Powers, first, 20 feet 4 inches; Glynn, second, 20 feet 3 inches; Kirby, third, 19 feet 11 1/4 inches.

Relay race—Brownson Hall alone—Uffendall, Gearin, Staples, Murphy. Time, 2. 26.

Inter-Hall Games.

BROWNSON WINS AGAIN, SCORE, 12-19.

Brownson's crack basket-ball team defeated the Corby Hall team last Saturday evening in Brownson gym by a score of fourteen to twelve. The Brownsonites were handicapped in their team work, in the early stages of the game, by the absence of Captain Cox, but in the last third they displayed their usual form and played faster than Corby. In this third Richon distinguished himself by throwing three difficult baskets, the last which, was the winning one, just a few seconds before time was called.

The Brownson Forwards, Groogan and Kelly, played their usual fast game, while the Guards, Thielman, Moon and Hunter, easily held their own with the Corby Forwards. For the Corbyites, Higgins, McDonald and Hayes played good ball, the latter proving as much of an adept at the game as he was on the football field.

THE LINE UP.

BROWNSON		CORBY
Kelly, Capt.	R. F.	Higgins
Groogan	L. F.	Herbert
Richon	C.	Hayes, Capt.
Thielman	R. G.	McDonald
Moon, Hunter	L. G.	Hubbell, Moxley

Goals from field, B. H.—Richon, 3; Kelly, 2; Groogan, 1. C. H.—Higgins, 2; Herbert, 2; McDonand, 1. Goals from fouls, B. H.—Kelly, 2. C. H.—Herbert, 2. Referee, Powers. Umpires, Donohue and Cornell. 20, 10 and 10 minute thirds.

CORBY, 24; SORIN, 15.

The Corby team defeated Sorin's hastily gathered aggregation in the Brownson gym Wednesday evening, in a game which was replete with sensational plays. The Corby Forwards, Higgins and McDonald, played a fast game, throwing eleven goals between them. Captain Hayes again distinguished himself by his brilliant work, and proved a tower of strength to the Corbyites. Sorin's team work was ragged, owing, of course, to the fact that most of her men were inexperienced.

The chief feature of the game was the work of the redoubtable J. Frederick. It was his first appearance in a game for some time, but he showed that he still retains all the old-time cunning and accuracy in throwing goals which made our Varsity team so famous two years ago. Following is

THE LINE UP.

CORBY		SORIN
Higgins	R. F.	Donohue
McDonald	L. F.	Cornell, Capt.
Hayes, Capt.	C.	Powers
Herbert	R. G.	Fox
Moxley, Hubble	L. G.	Warder, Krug

Goals from field, C. H.—McDonald, 6; Higgins, 6; Hayes, 1. S. H.—Powers, 4; Warder, 2. Goals from fouls, Powers, 2; Cornell, 1. Referee, Eggeman. Umpire, Thielman.

CARROLL HALL, 43; S. B. Y. M. C. A., 17.

Last Thursday night, the Carroll Hall Basket-ball Team administered a crushing defeat to the South Bend Y. M. C. A. at the Auditorium Annex. The floor was so smooth that team-work and fast playing were impossible. This also made the game very rough; so rough at times that it looked more like a football game. During the first third South Bend had decidedly the advantage, as the period closed with the score, twelve to seven in their favor. The team-work was poor and the playing slow. In the next period Medley replaced Quinlan, and then the Carrollites braced up. As they became accustomed to the field their team-work improved, and after a few moments they had things their own way. Goals came thick and fast, and the score was soon out of danger.

For Carroll Hall all the men played well, especially in the last two periods. Medley, who played centre in the last third, did some very clever dodging and dribbling. Crowley, Uckotter and Farabaugh threw some very difficult goals. Warner, Barrett and Wagner did the best work for South Bend.

C. H.		Y. M. C. A.
Crowley		Barrett
Uckotter	Forwards	Warner
Farabaugh	Centre	Wagner
Geraghty		Dolph
Quinlan (C.), Medley	Guards	Drollinger, C.

Goals from field—Uckotter, 8; Crowley, 6; Farabaugh, 5; Medley, 2; Warner, 3; Wagner, 1; Barrett, 2. Goals from fouls—Farabaugh, 1; Warner, 1. Umpire, Cornell. Referee, Curry. Time-keepers, Langley and Cotton. Length of thirds, 15 and 10 minutes.

The Concert.

The entertainment given by the Temple Quartette in Washington Hall yesterday was one of the brightest and most pleasurable of the season. The pieces were well chosen and arranged for good effect. The members of the quartette have pleasing voices, when they sing in unison, and their melody is grateful to the ear. Each of the four singers gave solos that called for an encore. The efforts of the tenors, Messrs. Bullock and Weber, were very well received. Mr. Bullocks's Winona was, perhaps, the best rendered of all the selections. Mr. Bruce, the baritone, and Mr. Willard, the basso, shared in the popular applause.

In Memoriam.

Philip Lindemann, a student of Brownson Hall, died yesterday afternoon. He was suffering a short time from an attack of lung fever. The SCHOLASTIC joins with both the students and Faculty in condoling with his bereaved parents, for through his passing away they have lost an amiable and promising young man. This is the opinion of those who were in close touch with him here. His body will be taken home to Canton, Miss., for burial.

Local Items.

—The race is over!

—The anti-shavers' league is well organized: "Hair on them."

—"If not delivered in five days return to the Widow, Albany, N. Y." What does this mean, Joe?

—P. J. Murphy must like that looking-glass! He keeps it so that no one may steal it—always where he has an eye on it.

—Peter employs the dictionary, the very best letter paper available, and a mixture of Riley's and Church's ink when he —

—O'Connor and Kirby are living most harmoniously disunited. "Schkeemer" is the word that has struck this untuned chord.

—The cologne league has begun. For samples of Yockey club, Heal your trope, and other brands, call on Staples, who has done considerable business in that line.

—Brother Leander left the University last week for Mt. Clement, and the prayers and good wishes of his many friends are that he will return soon improved in health.

—Through the kindness of O'Reilly and Mr. Blues, a former student, now somewhere else, the Library received a very valuable addition: some sort of a ball that Columbus used with which to "jolly-up" the Indians—of America.

—Rob Fox is cultivating a crop of hairs on each side of his face, just in front of his ears. The bunch on his left cheek is thriving, but the one on his right cheek looks weak. This fact is caused by the sun shining in Rob's window every morning.

—Brother Fabian, who has been for a number of years associated with the *Ave Maria*, has returned for a few days' retreat from an extensive business trip in the middle West. The good Brother was accompanied by Bryan Bradley, a former student of the University.

—Beginning with our next issue we will endeavor to publish lectures on various topics by such celebrated writers as Railroad Kupling Murphy, Mark Twain Joyce, Miss Brigedetta

Maggliew, Miss Swadubille Northwind Farra-gher, and Josiah Robbins Smith's. Our next issue will contain Josiah Robbins Smith's famous lecture on the Rise and Fall of the Whisker Club, or Scissors, the Detective.

—On Christmas Eve some boxes containing a beautiful ostensorium, cope and all other things necessary for Benediction, were received at St. Edward's Hall. Enclosed was a card with the words, "For the Minims' chapel from Mr. and Mrs. McBride, in memory of Louis." The Minims, and all connected with St. Edward's Hall, return sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McBride for the princely gift.

—The Law Debating Society held its weekly meeting last Saturday evening. Col. Hoynes occupied the chair. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That the United States ought, in the furtherance of the public welfare, to construct the Nicaraguan Canal at the earliest date practicable." Strong arguments were advanced on both sides, and the subject was discussed in a particularly able manner. Messrs. O'Meara and Yockey represented the affirmative, and Messrs. Kuppler and Michell the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative. The society will meet again Saturday evening, February 9, and discuss the question, "Resolved, That in the cause of humanity and civilization, according to the Cuban precedent, our government ought to interfere in behalf of the Boers and stop the war in South Africa." The affirmative will be supported by Messrs. Cleary and Kinney, and the negative by Messrs. Cameron and Cooney. All are invited to attend.

—An informal discussion in regard to the doings of Mrs. Carrie Natron arose in the Law room last Wednesday afternoon, and Lawyer Bill McInerny gave a very interesting talk on Temperance. Bill gave some very good arguments in favor of the cigar. He said that a good cigar is the best companion a man can have between here and the town these cold days, as it not only warms the end of his nose, but his heart also. "For instance," said Bill, "take the treating habit. Everyone recognizes that the treating habit makes business for the saloon keepers. One effect is to make men drink more than is good for them. Take a crowd of men who meet in a hotel or saloon. One man buys a drink all around and thinks he is treating everybody, but another calls for the drinks, and so on until every man has bought, and in reality the first man is buying six drinks for himself. Now if a man substitute cigars for drinks, when it is a case of have something, he can 'stay with them' and he does not need to 'have cold feet.' They are always in order and you can't get full on them."

PLANET MARS, High Noon, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR:—Pardon my tardiness in writing you. I have been indisposed more or

less during the past week owing to a violent outburst of grief and glossy tears which I evinced at the funeral of a brother member of the Hibernian Fraternal Club the other day. The poor fellow was one of the youngest members of our society and was noted for his smooth intelligence and curly disposition. He was only 711 years old at the time of his death which was caused by an overdose of horse-radish, and he founded the Anti-Potato Bug Society at the early age of 699. His death, however, was not much of a shock to me, as several of his ancestors had died before him—his uncle of colic, his cousin of a stone bruise, and his grandmother of fright—but when he succumbed and surrendered his last breath without mentioning my name, I could not restrain my grief and filled about three buckets with tears. This is the first death they have had up here since I arrived. The people use horse-radish as the elixir of life, which it certainly seems to be, as the average life of a man here is 957 years, Standard Time.

There is a great deal of excitement just now over a Mrs. Hatchet who is conducting a crusade against the Patent Suspender Button Combine. She and her noble band have already destroyed twenty-eight large factories and intend to continue their work until everyone of the vile, contaminating factories are exterminated. I don't blame her; do you? She informs me that her sewing machine has been idle since she got it, all due to the Patent Button Combine. Our Vice-President, "Sneer-able Neddy," went out hunting a few weeks ago and is expected back to-morrow. It is reported that he slew four hundred and twenty-eight mountain coyotes in $18\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, thus breaking the planetary system record by three feet. Besides this he chewed the feathers off twenty-eight eagles, and bagged one hundred and thirteen vultures with his eyes shut. Congress has adjourned, and the President has ordered sixteen regiments to act as a body-guard to the venerable "Neddy" on his return trip. Everything else is quiet around here. The two champion pugilists, Blarney Pat and Terrific Mike, have commenced training for their coming contest, Blarney in the Type-writing office, and Mike in a down-town newspaper office. The fight is to be pulled off under the auspices of the Ladies' Home Reading Circle on St. Patrick's day.

I'll have to chop off now as I am to act as usher at a Swell Ice Crush which is to be given this evening by Mrs. Snowflake in honor of her daughter Cloudy's 396th birthday. Will write you later on. With regards to all my old friends, I remain as cool as ever,

Yours for 'a that,

WANDERING BILLIE.

P. S.—For your next signal use Ritchie's band suit, as Boots' mustache appear to be getting rusty.